

GENERAL SMUTS SCORES ANOTHER BRILLIANT SUCCESS IN E. AFRICA

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

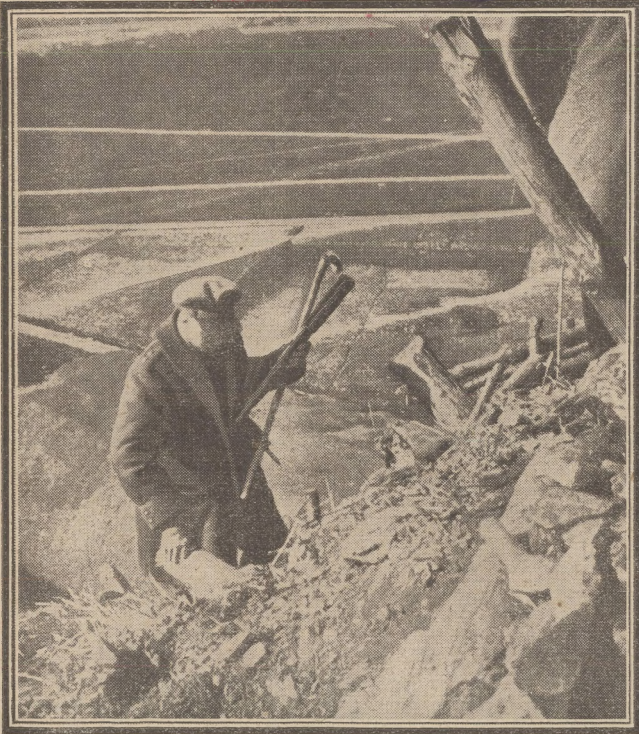
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SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1916

One Halfpenny.

Px642 F THE PRINCE OF WALES HAS AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE WITHIN
THE DANGER ZONE IN FRANCE. *Px642 F*



The Prince looks for a suitable place from which to watch the enemy's movements.



The Prince of Wales on an observation post observing the enemy's position.



Enemy shells falling on the British artillery observation post visited by the Prince. The position was subjected to a heavy bombardment.

The Prince of Wales has given a fine lead to the young men of this country. For months past he has been sharing all the discomforts of an arduous campaign in France. His Royal Highness, however, appears to enjoy roughing it, and he has taken every

opportunity of familiarising himself with every detail of the war. Recently he visited an observation post which was afterwards fiercely shelled by the Germans. Fortunately the Prince continues to enjoy the best of health.

THE MYSTERY OF SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON'S ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

Explorer May Be Marooned in the Snow for a Year.

HAS HE LOST HIS SHIP?

Conflicting Reports That the Expedition Has Been Successful.

Bad news, Reuter's Agency understands, has been received from the Australian side in connection with the Shackleton Antarctic expedition.

A wireless message has come to hand that the expedition's vessel, the Aurora, has gone adrift in the Antarctic Ocean.

She broke away from her moorings at the Ross Sea base while a party of ten were on shore.

The consequence of this is that if Sir Ernest Shackleton has got through and crossed the continent there is no ship to meet him and the whole of his party will have to remain on the shore of the Ross Sea for another year.

New York, Friday.—The Associated Press publishes the following from Sydney, New South Wales:—

"Shackleton returned Antarctic expedition. News of achievements withheld for present."—Reuter.

The above telegram as it stands is not easy to reconcile with the news of the Aurora having broken away from her moorings and gone adrift.

Possibly the arrival of the Aurora at some point within reach of Australia by cable or wireless may have led to the inference at Sydney that the whole expedition has returned.

LADY SHACKLETON'S HOPE.

Up to a late hour last night Lady Shackleton was without any further news of the expedition. Lady Shackleton said she had not heard from Sir Ernest, though she had heard that the Aurora had gone adrift in the Antarctic.

She was optimistic, in the absence of fuller and more definite details, and added: "They may have got back to Buenos Ayres. There is just a hope."

Dr. Shackleton, Sir Ernest Shackleton's father, was also without news.

WILL RELIEF BE SENT?

Reuter's Agency states that the breaking away of the Aurora and her consequent inability to pick up the members of the Shackleton expedition on their arrival on the Ross Sea side of the Antarctic was about the only contingency that had not been foreseen, and the receipt of the wireless message in London came as a complete surprise to all connected with the expedition.

The only news to hand at the time of writing is conflicting, and, while it may be taken as certain that the wireless report is correct, there is nothing to confirm the statement that has reached here via America, that "Shackleton had returned."

Of course, the startling intelligence received yesterday leaves everyone completely in the dark as to the doings or whereabouts of Sir Ernest Shackleton and his party.

If they have carried out their programme it may be assumed that Sir Ernest and his companions are now at the Ross Sea base, only to find that there is no ship to take them off.

They would thus be in the same position as Sir Douglas Mawson, who returned just as the Aurora, owing to weather conditions, had left, and the shore party had to remain another season in the Antarctic.

It is understood that the bad news of the expedition was communicated to the King in the course of the evening.

Where the Aurora is in the Antarctic Ocean and what is the condition of the vessel is not known, but in any case it may be expected that the Government will be approached with a view to the dispatch of a relief expedition.

Probably, however, no steps will be taken at present in view of the expected arrival of the Endeavour at Buenos Aires.

LONGEST VENTURE ATTEMPTED.

Sir Ernest Shackleton left England in September, 1914, on his self-imposed task of crossing the Polar continent from the Weddell Sea to the Ross Sea.

His venture is the longest Polar journey ever undertaken, the minimum distance from shore to shore being 1,700 miles.

He intended to set out on his long march about the end of last November, and calculated that the crossing would occupy about four months.

He expected to reach the South Pole about Christmas, and it is possible that he has followed in the track of Captain Scott and visited the memorial which was erected over the remains of that heroic leader and his companions.

LODGE DERBY SEES THE KING.

Vicount French and Lord Derby each had audiences of the King at Buckingham Palace yesterday.

Mr. Joseph King, M.P., was fined £1 at Guildford yesterday for neglecting to screen a light at his Witley residence.

MAN WHO MATTERS.

Stirring Call from Mr. Hughes in To-morrow's "Sunday Pictorial."

HARD LOT OF DERBY WIVES.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Hughes, the great Cornstalk Premier, is the man of the moment.

Never before has a Colonial visitor to these shores made such an unqualified hit.

Everybody agrees that what Mr. Hughes says is so, and for this reason everybody is certain to read with deep interest the remarkable Empire Message which Mr. Hughes has given specially to the *Sunday Pictorial*.

This message, which appears to-morrow, contains some of his finest flashes; no one who is interested in the future of the British Empire can afford to miss it.

To-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial* will be an unusually fine number. Mr. Sidney Low writes on "How We Could Beat Germany Single-handed—If We Were Put to It," while Mr. J. Ellis Barker contributes a splendid article in which he discusses "the war after the war" and the imperative need of an emergency tariff if the industry of this country is to be secured.

For the women, they will be specially interested this week by Mr. Bottomley, who, in "The Hardest Lot of All," writes a strong appeal on behalf of the Derby wives.

FRUIT OUTLOOK GOOD.

Temporary Shortage, but Plentiful Supplies Expected in a Month.

"In a month's time, given fine weather, we shall have an excellent supply of all fruits," said one of the largest wholesale fruiters at Covent Garden to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

Oranges at present are expensive because the majority of the boxes are arriving at Covent Garden in very bad condition, consequently good oranges fetch a much better price.

There is a slump in the apple trade, the American season having ended, and the supply from Australia not having arrived.

Owing, perhaps, to difficult marine conditions there has been only a small quantity of fruit arriving from South Africa this week, so the supply of pears and other fruit from the Cape will be somewhat scarce.

The housewife will be glad to know that there will be no difficulty in obtaining raisins, for Australia produces some of the finest raisins in the world.

English fruits grown under glass are normal in price for this time of the year.

Asparagus is still a great luxury, fetching over 2s. 6d. per bundle, while strawberries are not yet within the reach of any except the wealthy.

FOIL CHAMPION KILLED.

Captain A. C. Burnell, of the 2nd Rifle Brigade, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Coke Burnell, of Winchester and Brighton, was killed yesterday while assisting to bring a wounded man from the front of the trenches.

He was educated at Winchester and Sandhurst, where he occupied a prominent place in sport. He took a gold medal in foil and football and was also in the Cup Company cricket team.

He was acting adjutant at the second battle of Ypres, where he was wounded. On his return to the front he continued to do good service, earning the commendation of his superiors, only to meet his death in the act of succouring another.

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OFF STAGE SCENE.

£150 Libel Damages Against Mr. Lashwood, the Variety Star.

"YOU HAVE ROBBED ME."

A scene in a theatre dressing-room was described yesterday before Mr. Justice Avey in a libel action against Mr. George Lashwood, the noted music-hall artist.

The plaintiff was Mr. William Henry Cameron Chappell, manager to Mr. Henshall, who, as Leo Fritz, carries on Fritz's Agency in Leicester-square.

Mr. Lashwood, explained counsel, had an arrangement with Fritz's Agency by which he received 35 per cent. of the takings of the halls at which he appeared.

At the end of August Mr. Chappell, on behalf of his employer, went down to Gloucester, where Mr. Lashwood had been appearing at the Hippodrome.

He then locked the door, but later let the plaintiff out.

Mr. Chappell, giving evidence, said that Mr. Lashwood said to him, pointing to some money on the table, "Count that money." He declined, as the share had been paid, and then Mr. Lashwood spoke the words alleged. He also threatened to throw witness out of the window.

Mr. Lashwood, who said that he was a comedian of thirty-three years' experience, gave evidence denying the allegations.

The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff with £150 damages, and judgment was entered accordingly, with costs.

TIPS FOR TRIBUNALS.

War Office Help in Choosing Men for the Fighting Forces.

Tribunals throughout the country will to-day receive an important circular from the War Office giving the following points for their guidance:—

Requests for rehearing of cases to be granted. Inadequate grounds to be put plainly for appeal on cases assisting to bring a wounded man from the front of the trenches.

Precise date of exemption on certificates. National service of conscience cases to be decided by new committee.

Tolerance and impartiality to be carefully observed. Quakers' desire for service in Friends' Ambulance Unit not to be contested.

All tribunal hearings must not be taken in private. Industry and commerce to be carefully regarded where economic value is out of all proportion to military gain.

Reasonable extension of time for conscript appeals, having regard to urgent needs of Army for men.

WOMEN GARDENERS' SALARIES.

Women who are looking out for a healthy and interesting occupation and a weekly wage of 30s. or 35s. are recommended to qualify for gardening.

It is one of the finest occupations a woman can follow," Mr. George Barr, the well-known Covent Garden seedsman, assured *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"A woman is known for her good taste, and in flower gardening she is able to exercise it. Success in life must not be measured solely by pounds, shillings and pence. One must look for the fullest enjoyment of health and mind, and it is in gardening that these things are to be found."

LONG-HAIRED MAN'S PLEA.

Among the fourteen cases of conscientious objectors dealt with by the Ilford Tribunal was a young man who wore his hair half-way down his back. He said he did not mind undertaking non-combatant service so long as he was not compelled to have his hair cut, to shave, or to eat flesh. The chairman said they would endeavour to gratify his wish.

HEROES AS GUESTS OF CHILDREN.

Little Belgians Prepare a Splendid Treat for Wounded.

GRATEFUL TO BRITAIN.

There is much jubilation among the little Belgian refugee children who are quartered at the Poland-street (W.) Refuge.

Tuesday night is to be a red-letter day in the history of their lives as the Refuge.

The children—some 300 between eight and fourteen years of age—are going to entertain a hundred or so of wounded soldiers to tea at their own expense.

Yesterday they were busy sending out invitations to their heroes at various hospitals asking them to come to their merry revels.

They have already organised one or two entertainments during the past year for various war charities. Then there came a happy inspiration to one little refugee, a bright-eyed little girl named Albina Yucker, that "poor wounded soldiers who have been fighting and were still suffering for them should enjoy one of their entertainments instead of ordinary people."

The parents of the children who are at work outside the Refuge usually bring them a copper each week to be spent on sweets.

These coppers the children have saved week by week to buy dainties for their wounded heroes on their great day. Now they have sufficient to entertain over 100 soldiers.

ENDLESS DANTIES.

Crowds of the little girls and boys will wait upon their heroes with cigarettes, sweets and fruit, and when teatime comes round they promise to overwhelm them with endless varieties of cakes and to give them—oh, such a good time, as one little girl told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

The children are preparing their own musical programme. There will be pretty songs galore. One child will sing the British National Anthem, another the French third the Belgian, and a fourth the Russian—and all in their native languages.

They are even going to give a play—in English, too, for these little refugees are very clever little folk, and twelve to eighteen months of schooling here has given them quite a good command of English.

The play is called "The Magic Fan," and yesterday fairy kings and queens and princes and princesses, and dukes and lords and ladies were busy rehearsing their parts.

These children came over here in a very poor and neglected state. Otto Schiff, to whom they owe their progress, told *The Daily Mirror*.

They left Antwerp during the last days of the siege, and most of them had lived in the slums there. The change has proved of great benefit to them, and they are to be given their opportunity."

NOVELIST'S SON IN COURT.

Philip Henry Phillpotts, son of Mr. Edon Phillpotts, the novelist, was charged under the Military Service Act at Torquay yesterday with being an absentee from the York and Lancaster Regiment since March 10.

Defendant was in the doctor's hands and was appealing.

Magistrate: Have you served at all? Defendant: No.

Magistrate: Then you are a conscript. Defendant: Yes, I suppose so.

In reply to the clerk, defendant said his father was giving notice of appeal. He was remanded to await a military escort.

BACON-AND-EGGS SOLDIERS.

On an average 300 men sleep at the Y.M.C.A. hut in Horseferry-road every night.

The favourite dish is bacon and eggs, whether for breakfast, dinner, tea or supper.

Lady Askwith, the superintendent of the hut, yesterday took a representative of *The Daily Mirror* over the domestic offices of the canteen. They are such as to delight the heart of any old-time housekeeper, metal and woodwork alike gleaming with cleanliness.

There is, too, a special disinfecting room for the clothes of soldiers who arrive direct from the trenches. The men are given clean garments, and their discarded clothes, after being in the disinfecting room for two and a half hours, are washed, dried, mended and aired ready for the men when they leave.

LOOKING FOR A SIGN.

Mr. W. M. Hughes, Premier of Australia, received the freedom of the City of Cardiff yesterday afternoon.

In acknowledging the honour, he said the torch of this great war, which was kindled by Germany to gratify her selfish lust of empire, had drawn together our own Empire with bonds that could never be cut asunder save by our own incredible folly.

They in Australia turned their eyes from time to time to the Motherland for a sign.

READ MR. W. M. HUGHES' GREAT MESSAGE TO THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL."

ANOTHER BRILLIANT SUCCESS FOR GENERAL SMUTS IN EAST AFRICA

Lord Kitchener Telegraphs
His Congratulations.

VERDUN GUN DUELS.

Cross-Channel Steamer Sussex
Has Mishap Off Dieppe.

RUSSIA'S DVINSK PUSH.

General Smuts's lightning strokes in East Africa have again won for him a signal success, and the Germans there are once more on the run. Lord Kitchener, who has sent General Smuts a telegram of congratulation, refers to the operations as "your brilliant success."

CHANNEL STEAMER'S FATE.

The cross-channel steamer Sussex, running on the Folkestone-Dieppe route, came to grief yesterday in the Channel. The first report sent out by the Central News stated that it was reported at Folkestone Harbour that the Sussex had been torpedoed off Beachy Head.

UNDER FRENCH FLAG.

There were 380 passengers on board, a few of whom were English, and a crew of forty, mostly French. The latest official information stated that the ship was still afloat at 8.30 p.m., in charge of a tug, and it was assumed that all passengers had been saved. The Sussex was under the French flag.

ANOTHER BID FOR VERDUN?

The intense bombardment on the Verdun front is believed by the French to be a prelude to another great German bid for Verdun. Paris reports French shelling of Malancourt Wood, an intermittent bombardment in the Douaumont-Damloup region and gun duels in the Woëvre.

TRIPLE RUSSIAN SUCCESS.

The great Russian offensive is developing. Last night's official communiqué from Petrograd recorded a series of important successes along an immense front. These included the following:—Russians advancing in the Dvinsk region; all enemy's protective lines forced in the Klip sector; the enemy dislodged from roads in the neighbourhood of Bliznik and Moritz.

OUR ALLY'S MINE SUCCESS NEAR HILL 285.

Night Bombardment of the Malancourt
Wood in Argonne.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Friday.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—
In the Argonne our batteries energetically bombarded during the night the Malancourt Wood.

Near Hill 285 we exploded a mine, of which we occupy the crater.

To the west of the Meuse the night was calm. To the east there was an intermittent bombardment in the region of Douaumont and Damloup.

In the Woëvre there were artillery duels in the sectors of Moulinville and Eparges. There is no important event to report from the rest of the front.—Reuter.

BRITISH FORCE IN EGYPT REORGANISED.

General Murray Takes Command and
General Maxwell Comes Home.

The Secretary of the War Office last night made the following announcement:—

The military position in Egypt being satisfactory, owing to the failure of the attempts by the Turks on the west frontier, a reorganisation of the forces there has been effected, and General Sir A. Murray, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., has assumed the sole command.

General Sir J. G. Maxwell, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., left for England to-day.

FIERCE ARTILLERY DUELS ALONG THE LINE.

Berlin Claims Taking Two More
Trenches Near Haucourt.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Friday.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—

Western Theatre of the War.—The violence of artillery duels increased considerably at times in the Champagne, on the Somme-Py-Souain high road, in the Argonne, and in the Meuse district as far as the Moselle.

Following up our successes of the day before yesterday, we occupied another couple of trenches to the west of Haucourt.

On this occasion the number of prisoners increased to thirty-two officers and 679 men.
Eastern Theatre of the War.—While during the day the Russians collected their forces only for a strong advance against the bridgehead of Jacobstadt to the east of Buschhof, they undertook, during the night, repeated attacks to the north of the Mitau-Jacobstadt railway, as well as an attempt to take us by surprise to the south of Dvinsk, and exhausted themselves in uninterrupted fierce storm attacks against our front to the north of Vidzy.

With heavy losses in men, all their attacks broke down under our fire or before our entanglements in cases where they got thus far.

Further south no fresh attacks took place.
Balkan Theatre of War.—During the last few days artillery duels of no great importance repeatedly developed on both sides of the Vardar, in the neighbourhood of Ghegeli.

One aeroplane belonging to an enemy aeroplane squadron, which attacked Volove, to the west of Lake Doiran, was shot down after an aerial battle. The machine fell into the lake.—Wireless Press.

RUSSIANS GAIN SERIES OF FINE SUCCESSES.

All Foe's Lines Forced in the Klipa
Region.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Friday.—The official communiqué issued to-day says:—

Western Front.—In the region of Friedrichstadt reconnoitring parties of ours who had crossed the Dvina captured an enemy machine gun.

In the Jacobstadt sector the Germans, in strong formations, launched counter-attacks near Augustinohof, which we successfully repulsed.

North-west of Lake Vargnek our offensive is developing. In the Dvinsk region our troops are advancing after having repulsed several counter-attacks.

DESPERATE FIGHTING.

In the region south of Dvinsk the fighting continues.

North of the small town of Vidzy, in the Meschkale Klipa sector, and north-west of Lake Sekly, there was desperate fighting, in some places with the bayonet, on the night of March 22-23.

In spite of the enemy's heavy fire our troops, by a vigorous thrust, forced all the enemy's protective lines in the Klipa sector and a German counter-attack was repulsed.

Our artillery kept under its fire numerous points in the enemy's position and prevented him from repairing the damage done.

FOE DISLODGED.

Between Lakes Narotch and Vischneskoie fighting continues.

Our troops dislodged the enemy from the woods in the neighbourhood of Bliznik and Mokritza, where they were posted in a position thickly protected with barbed wire entanglements.—Reuter.

MYSTERY OF MISHAP TO CHANNEL STEAMER.

Whole of 380 Passengers Believed
Saved—Torpedo Report.

The London, Brighton and South Coast Railway Company issued the following statement last night:—

We are advised that the s.s. Sussex, under a French flag on the Folkestone-Dieppe service, met with a mishap somewhere off Dieppe on her passage to-day, but at seven o'clock to-night she was still afloat.

Vessels in Dieppe Harbour have gone to her assistance.

She was carrying 380 passengers, a few of whom were English people, and a crew of about forty.

She was commanded by Captain Mouffet. The crew were mostly French.

Later the company stated:—

The s.s. Sussex was still afloat at 8.30 in charge of a tug, and it is assumed that all passengers have been saved.

The Central News, in an earlier message, stated that it was reported at Folkestone Harbour that the s.s. Sussex was torpedoed yesterday afternoon off Beachy Head.

When the alarm of the attack was raised, said another message, a number of vessels rushed to her assistance from many quarters.

ENEMY TORPEDO - BOATS IN THE NORTH SEA.

Zepplin Accompanies Flotilla of Fifteen
German War Craft.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—A telegram from Ameland (Frisian Islands) states that some fifteen German torpedo-boats, accompanied by a Zepplin, were seen late last night moving eastward.—Reuter.

COPENHAGEN, Friday.—The Politiken learns from Bergen that captains arriving there report having seen a large number of German submarines in the North Sea near the British coast.

The captains say that these German submarines are very large, of new construction, and travel very fast.—Exchange.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—Captain Persius discussing in the Berliner Tageblatt the situation in the naval theatre of war at the beginning of spring, says that it depends on the attitude of the British fleet whether it will come to engagements on a greater scale in the North Sea.

"Should the English fleet come out to battle then we are confident that it will find an adversary in our battle fleet which will make the battle not an easy job for the English fleet."—Reuter.

GUNFIRE OFF THE COAST.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—A message from Flushing states that since midnight heavy artillery firing has been heard coming from the Belgian coast. Every report was accompanied by light, which was distinctly seen from the sea front.

It is believed that another bombardment of the German positions on the Belgian coast by the Allied ships is taking place.

From the noise here (Flushing) the operation is one of unprecedented importance.—Exchange.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—Between midnight and three o'clock this morning the sound of heavy gunfire or explosions was audible from the Belgian coast, and it is believed another air raid was in progress.—Central News.

FOE MINES DO NO DAMAGE

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Friday, 9.24 p.m. Enemy exploded mines last night and to-day near Givenchy and just north of La Bassée Canal, doing no damage.

We bombarded hostile trenches to the south of Comines Canal.—Reuter.

GERMANS FORCED TO RETREAT AGAIN.

Foe's Heavy Loss After Dashing
Move by South Africans.

KONIGSBERG GUN TAKEN.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary of the War Office made the following announcement last night:—

Telegrams received from Lieutenant-General Smuts indicate that the German forces, dislodged from their strong defensive positions on the Lumi River and Kitovo Hills by the operations commenced on March 7 and concluded on March 12, effected their retreat through Kahe to a further series of defensive positions constructed in the thick forest belt which lies along the Ruwu River.

Direct pursuit was rendered difficult by heavy rainfall and the numerous swollen streams over which the bridges had been destroyed.

OVER SWOLLEN STREAMS.

The period March 13-17 was spent in reorganising troops and transport and in repairing roads and bridges for motor traffic.

On March 18 forces were pushed south to occupy Kilevo and Unterer Himo in close contact with the enemy on the Ruwu River.

During the night of March 19, 21 strong bodies of infantry bivouacked in the Ruwu Forest in close contact with the German entrenchments.

On March 20 a mountain force occupied Arushi, dislodging an enemy detachment.

During the night of March 21 strong bodies of infantry bivouacked in the Ruwu Forest in close contact with the German entrenchments.

GERMAN ATTACK.

The enemy attempted a strong night attack, but was driven off with severe losses.

Meantime a strong force of South African mounted troops marched by night from Moshi, and, traversing the thick bush country, reached a point on the Pangani River five miles south of Kahe railway station by daybreak.

The railway station itself was seized, and many stores were captured. The railway bridge over the Pangani River had been partially destroyed.

The mounted troops then established themselves on the hills south-east of Kahe in contact with the enemy.

This threat to their line of retreat decided the enemy to hold on throughout the entire day of the 21st with a view to effecting a further retirement under cover of darkness. Reinforcements indeed reached him from the south by the railway during operations.

RETREAT IN THE NIGHT.

Thus we were enabled to inflict heavy losses which would not have been possible had the Germans been free to abandon their positions earlier. As it was, they maintained an obstinate resistance.

During the night of March 21-22, however, the entire Ruwu line was evacuated, and the enemy retired south along the Tanga railway, leaving a 4.1 gun, portion of the armament of the Königsberg, in our hands.

Operations are being continued.

"YOUR BRILLIANT SUCCESS."

The following telegram has been dispatched to General Smuts:—

"The Secretary of State for War wishes to congratulate you and all ranks under your command on your brilliant success and on the dash and energy with which your operations have been conducted in a country with the difficulties of which he is acquainted from personal experience."

ALLOWED FOE TO WALK INTO DEATH-TRAP.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Friday.—There is nothing new to report from the Verdun front.
To the west of the Meuse last night was calm, while on the opposite bank the bombardment slackened considerably.

The German attacks are either dying down for good or the enemy is taking a breather with a view to initiating a fresh assault.

Owing to the mendacious reports regarding the French losses circulated by the German Press the French military authorities have issued a statement which gives definite instances of the terrible losses sustained by the enemy in the recent fighting before Verdun.

On the morning of March 9 the First Battalion 19th German Reserve Regiment, 5th Corps, marched to attack the village of Vaux in column of fours.

The French allowed the first company to enter the village and then opened fire with machine guns.

A bayonet charge followed and the company was completely annihilated.

Meantime the Second and Third Battalions 19th Reserve Regiment had progressed towards the trenches defending the northern slopes of Fort Vaux. They were caught by French fire when a short distance from the trenches.

W. L. McALPIN.



Sir Ernest Shackleton (in centre) with members of his expedition.

MME. KARINA'S COUSINS.



Carl Janssen (in civilian dress), who has been killed in action, and his brother Ernek, who is missing. Captain Janssen and his wife, Mme. Karina, the famous premiere danseuse, seek news of the missing man. He is Captain Janssen's cousin.

FATHERS OF TWENTY-TWO.



Private William Humphries, a veteran of three campaigns, who has ten children, and Private Green, who has twelve children. Three of the latter's sons are now on active service.

TINY GIRL SCOUT'S SALUTE.



Little Marjorie Carr, a girl scout, aged two, takes the salute of Chief Commissioner Hamlett, of the boy scouts, at Barking.

GENERAL CADORNA AT THE BEDSIDE OF A WOUNDED "TOMMY."



The Italian Commander-in-Chief paid a lengthy visit to the Italian Hospital in London yesterday, and he is here seen at the bedside of a wounded British "Tommy."

LOCATED THE WATER.



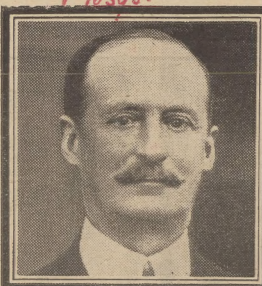
Sapper Stephen Kelley, an Australian, who was mentioned in dispatches for a wonderful feat of water divining at Suvla Bay. When water was scarce Kelley, who is a civil engineer, located thirty-two springs.

"A PICTURE HAT."



Fashions from the Cameroons, one of Germany's conquered colonies in Africa.

NEW GARTER KNIGHT.



Lord Hardinge, whom the King has been pleased to appoint a Knight of the Garter on his retirement from the office of Viceroy of India. He was at one time the British Ambassador to Russia.

Excruciating Pain Stopped

Sloan's Liniment is the swiftest pain-killer that has ever been known. No matter how severe the pain may be, no matter how long you have been suffering, a few drops of Sloan's Liniment will ease the pain at once. And remember, there is no need to rub it in—it penetrates itself.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

Mr. T. O. Sill, 9, Day Street, Aspley, Huddersfield, writes:—

"After being bad with Rheumatism for nearly eight months, I tried your Liniment and I was able to start work in ten days. I have now been working for 18 weeks and if I feel any pain, I just put a drop of Sloan's Liniment on, and it is gone by the morning."



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Easy to make—only water to add.

Send some in every parcel to your Soldier Boy.

2^d SOUPS

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1916.

COMING DOWN IN THE WORLD.

QUARTER Day again . . . In ordinary times, you would have been cheered or depressed to-day by the frequent spectacle of somebody else's furniture deposited for criticism in the street.

Never does furniture look so poorly as when it stands thus, half in a van, half out of it, on the edge of the pavement, with inexplicable shreds of matting and tattered straw about it. Often, in the agony of moving, must excellent middle-class people have decided to scrap all their furniture thus exposed; to leave everything behind; to hide from it; to escape it; to go and live in a hotel. For what (they might well argue) is the use of keeping and tending and dusting and transporting these really impossible old sticks?

Unless, indeed, you collected Louis Seize or Chippendale. In that case a move was even more of a torture; because it is well known that, whereas a piece of mid-Victorian mahogany will emerge intact from any trial, a fine Adam cabinet will arrive with bits knocked off it as by design.

But this year, we hear, there are to be no moves, or very few. A move, perhaps irrationally, is held to be a peace time amusement. Only one sort of move is allowable now—the one that is supposed to effect an economy.

If you are coming down in the world you may be allowed to move to-day. You are going into a house with a smaller rent, and one which will demand fewer servants to polish stair-roses and dust rooms. Therefore you can be excused for spending a lot of money in making the economical change.

The signs point evidently to this general come down in the world, and we presume it will be very hard on those, so to speak, come down upon.

It is all very patriotic and pleasant for the man who rented a large many-servanted house, at £200 a year, to descend into a smaller house at £100. But the man who was living in the house at £100 hoped, in view of the war, to get the rent reduced. He hoped that vague and possibly immoral thought of tenants—that house-property in the neighbourhood would decline, and that, in consequence, rents would decline also.

He reckoned without the man in the class above him.

This class is busy battering at the doors of his class. It comes with money to spare and it finds a rent of £100 a mere nothing. The landlord is in consequence more secure than ever. If you can no longer pay your £100, plenty of richer people than you can. Go and make room for them!

Go and take a flat for £50 and, out of that flat for £50, drive the occupant, to a flat for £25. Drive him to his economy, as you were driven to your own. Let everybody, by a natural process, drive down everybody else.

And the lowest rents, the bedrock; the impossible-to-be-further-reduced? What of them?

Ah, they are making shells and preparing to reside in Park-lane. In other words, some people are going up. Let us hope so. It is well to be "optimistic" in war time.

W. M.

THE EVERLASTING.

It fortifies my soul to know That, though I perish, Truth is so: That, however I stray and range, Whither I do, Thou dost not change. I steadfast stand when I recall That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

—ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Seize then the minutes as they pass. Live to some purpose, make thy life a gift of use to thee—a joy, a good, a golden hope, a heavenly argosy.—Cotteridge.

WILL THE WAR ALTER OUR MANNERS?

BRITISH CONSERVATISM IN FOOD AND OTHER MATTERS.

By ERNEST HAMILTON.

A COUPLE of years ago business called me to Manchester, and I spent a very pleasant evening with some hospitable Lancashire friends in a local restaurant.

After dinner we had coffee in a palm room. A concert was in progress, and the room was full of typical Manchester men and women.

My host was much pleased with the spectacle. Leaning back in his chair, he beamed on the room and said to me with a chuckle: "Mark my words, a very few years from now and we'll all be leading proper Continental lives. Sunday outings and all. And you'll see open-air cafés and people changing from English food and ways—not, mind you, that I don't think that real English food wants a lot of beating."

Some of the party had been on the Continent; most of those present had never left our shores.

distributing money, and he had to stick to his desk until the war called him to duty further afield. Now, after months of fighting, he is back wounded.

I had him round to tea the other day, and knowing that he would not want to talk about his wounds, I began to discuss food. He was very responsive on the subject. He had words of praise for the feeding of our Army, although he differed from the authorities on the subject of jam, about which he has certain conservative views of his own.

THAT FOREIGN BREAKFAST.

When it came to foreign food, however, the young man was distinctly gloomy. He summed it up in a word, and I am sorry to say that that word was "rotten." A foreign breakfast goes nowhere, he argued, and while coffee is good enough as a drink once in a way, there is nothing like a really good cup of tea, with milk but no sugar, first thing in the morning.

"Funny, isn't it?" he said to me, "but do you know what I was always longing for when I was in the trenches? You'll hardly believe it, but I would have given anything for a proper

BRITISH HOMES.

ECONOMISE BY GETTING RID OF THE UNNECESSARY FURNITURE.

IN THE KITCHEN.

MRS. ADRIAN ROSS is right, the modern house is overfurnished. Fitment bedrooms and fewer carpets would be a boon to many. Of Mr. Charles Cooper's suggestion that the kitchen should receive better attention I heartily approve.

Everywhere we see change and evolution, everywhere but in the kitchen. Our English kitchen is an institution, beautiful and bright with the burnished blue of brass, the cheery charm of copper, the shine and sparkle of steel. The range is brilliantly black, the hearth spotlessly white, the dresser glitters with crockery, the room radiates comfort with its chairs often cushioned, its rug and wondrous patterns. It is a place to rest in, a place to dream in, a place to do anything in—but cook. No wonder we cannot cook! When should we find time with all that busied labouring for attention?

And even if all these worksters were cleared out, how can we cook on a stand-off stove, as proachable like royalty only from the front, built round on three sides and with a guard of state to further lend off the feet. F. JENKINS.

THE LABOURER'S HIRE.

WHY shouldn't Charlie Chaplin draw his huge income—or any other music-hall or cinema star for that matter?

Do not "directors" of companies who direct nothing draw their huge profits in annual dividends?

Just in the same way Charlie Chaplin is the profit-sharer, or, if you like to put it so, the director of a business to whose prosperity he principally contributes.

Surbiton. L. N.

ENGLISH SPELLING.

IN regard to your discussion on the above subject, I recently wrote to the headmaster of the school which my brother attends, requesting that my brother should be taught spelling, and suggesting that a book with meanings should be used.

I understand the master replied he had not such a book, and I think the subject was dropped.

I should like to ask your readers if it be an extraordinary request to make for a boy of thirteen to be taught English spelling. L. S.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 24.—Hybrid perpetual roses, and also the hardest of the hybrid teas, should be pruned during the next few days. First cut out all dead shoots, also weak and unripe wood.

Then shorten back the remaining shoots moderately, cutting back weak growers—more severely than those of robust habit. The centre of each bush should be kept as open as possible. Long growths will bear fine blooms if the tips are carefully pegged down to the ground.

After pruning, let the beds be weeded and tidied. Early in April all other bush roses may be attended to. E. F. T.

BENEDICK-BROWN'S WAR ECONOMIES.—No. 3.



His attempt to give up smoking, and its inevitable consequence in the expense of dissipation in other directions.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

I could not help noticing that it was the stay-at-homes that were loudest in their call for a change.

I suppose that everything is more or less in the melting-pot, but I doubt very much whether the war will have any very great influence either on our manners or on our ways of living. An enthusiastic food reformer said to me in the early days of the war: "Thank God for the war. It will kill egg-and-bacon breakfasts for ever." He was fully under the impression that, once our lads had landed in France, they would become zealous converts to the "foreign breakfast," or, rather, lack of breakfast.

Hard facts, however, invariably kill theories. I have a young relative who was in a stock-broker's office. He always wanted to lead what he called the "artistic" life. He felt that he was a born musician, and had somebody provided him with funds he would have led what he fancied was a Bohemian existence in a Paris garret.

Fortunately for him, nobody he knows is out

home breakfast. You know—nice tea and a bit of haddock and poached egg, a cutlet or a little bacon, with marmalade. Of course, I should have wanted my morning paper at the same time. I don't call it breakfast if you are not having your paper at the same time.

"I don't believe in these foreign lunches, either. All soup, stew, and nothing to set your teeth into. Never have the happy feeling that a cut from a decent sirloin and a nice pudding and bit of cheese brings you. Besides that, foreigners can't make beer."

He was very anxious to get back, so as to repay the Germans for plugging his leg, but once the war is over my young hero is going to return to the city.

He has heard no call from the wild. Men with agricultural land to sell will not find him a buyer. He told me frankly that he looked forward with pleasure to being again in an office with just enough work to do; to pleasant

City lunches, followed by a game of dominoes; to an evening's walk with his girl and an occasional visit to a local music-hall. Nor do I think that his is an exceptional case. He is made of more conservative stuff than people imagine. And when men talk to me of coming revolutions of all sorts and kinds I cannot help thinking of my relative and his altered outlook on life.

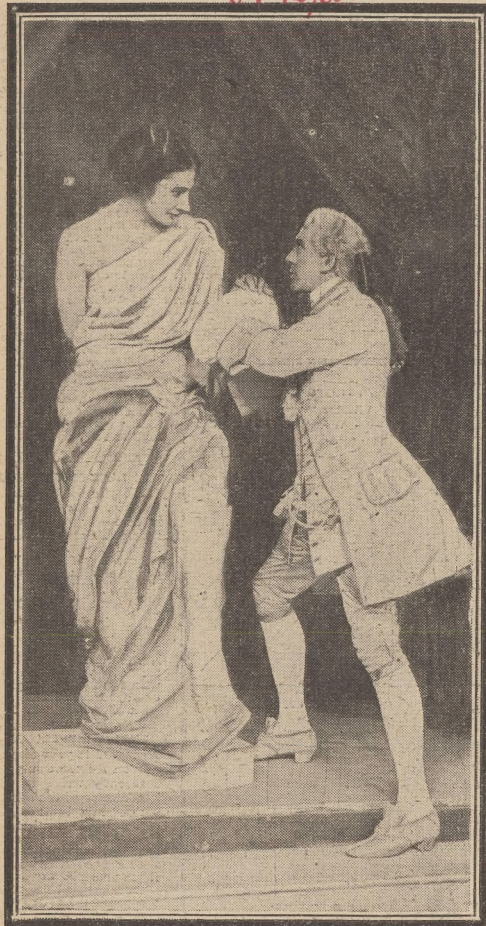
One thing I might say about manners. After living in almost every capital in Europe, I can assert without the slightest hesitation that London manners are about as good as any better than, the manners of any other place in Europe. There may not be so much bowing and scraping, but we treat women with a deference unknown elsewhere.

London is the only place in the world where neighbours do not intrude on you; the only city in Europe where a woman can dine and go to a theatre by herself, and the only place where there is a reasonable spirit of give and take in everyday life.

SCENES IN "A KISS FOR CINDERELLA" AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

SP 12730.

SP 12730.



Mr. Du Maurier and Miss Joan Challis in the ball scene.



The King and Queen, in Cinderella's dream, enjoying, with the Court, a sumptuous banquet of ice cream.



The dream has a happy ending.



Prince Charming and the Silver Slippers.



Cinderella (Miss Hilda Trevelyan) with her little charges.

"A Kiss for Cinderella," Sir J. M. Barrie's new play, tells the story of a little kitchenmaid who fell asleep in the street, and dreamed that she had a handsome lover. There are some

dreams that come true. This was one of them. The lover happened to be a policeman. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

JAPANESE AEROPLANE STOPPED IN MID-FLIGHT.

P 18788.



The Japanese are now beginning to take aviation seriously. This machine, however, has come to grief owing to a serious accident to the propeller.

THE BULLDOG BREED.

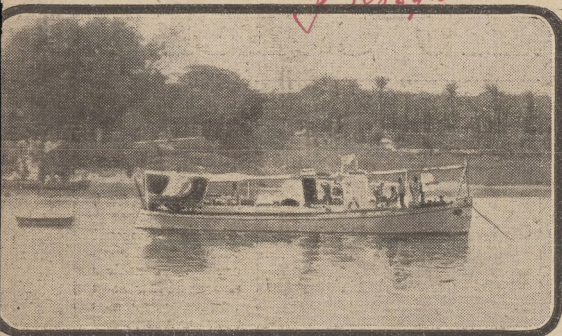
P 18787.



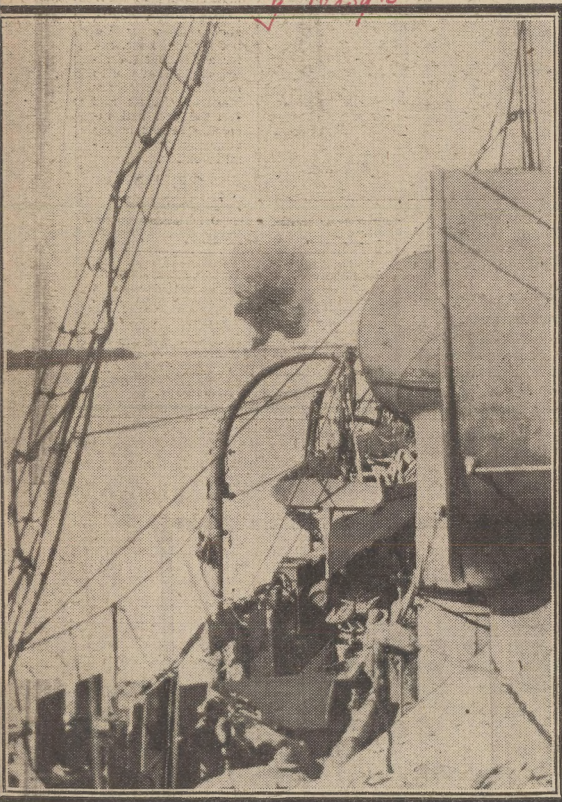
Robert Thurston, a Newcastle young man of twenty, was declined for service because he was knock-kneed. He has since had his legs broken in order that he might take his place with the colours. He has been in hospital, but is now convalescent, and hopes before long to be a soldier of the King. He is a fine example to our young men slackers.

P 18788.

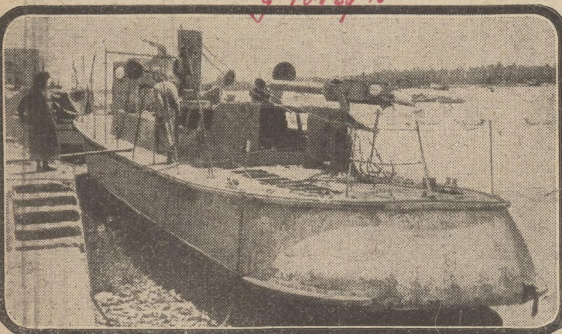
THE PRIDE OF TURKEY.



A Turkish gunboat at anchor off the Tigris River.



The same boat fired by shells from a British warship.



The boat captured, saved and under repairs.

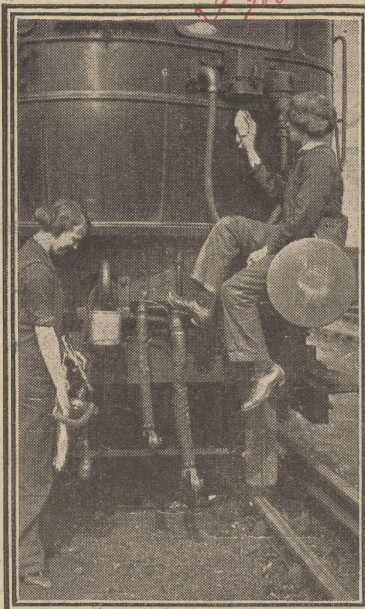
Three stages in the history of a Turkish boat. At the outbreak of the war she was flying the Turkish flag. To-day the colours of Great Britain fly from her masthead.

THE CARDS ARE WITH THE FRENCH-NOW



A group of poilus enjoying a game of cards in the trenches near Verdun under the guard of a sentinel, who is watching the enemy.

WOMEN RAILWAY WORKERS IN MEN'S CLOTHES.



Women greasing couplings and buffers.



Two women workers on their way to work.

On the London and South-Western Railway women are being employed as greasers and cleaners. In the interests of safety and cleanliness they wear slops, which gives them a masculine appearance.



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and satisfy yourself that you are getting

BRITO MARGARINE

the British-made Margarine which beats foreign products in flavour, quality and value, besides keeping British gold in British hands.
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SENT FOR

1/-

(See Coupon Below).

From the moment when you put them on, a ceaseless stream of Magnetic Power permeates your whole body from head to heel.

Think for yourself what it means to be thoroughly healthy, supremely vigorous, always to enjoy life, not for one hour, not for a day, but for always. I want you to send for one of my Magneto Corsets and join the vast and increasing army of happy wearers of this wonderful invention.

SEND TO-DAY.



I want every lady who reads this to know that she can have at once a pair of my beautiful "New Medal" Magneto Corsets sent direct to her address in return for a P.O. for One Shilling.

The price of my corsets is not pounds, it is only shillings. The price is 5s. 11d., but all I ask is that you send me a postal order for 1s., and by return of post I will send you a pair of my Magneto Corsets that will fit you like a glove. It will be a red letter day to you, because it will be the beginning of new life.

Remember that my Magneto Corsets are Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar ailments, and I place them in your hands to test for yourself for the trifling outlay of 1/-. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Corsets can do for you?

"On Approval" COUPON. Post To-day.

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON (Corset Dept. 111), Allen House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.E.

Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your correct measurements, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Corset" on approval. I enclose 1/- and if I do not immediately return Corset I will pay you the balance of 4/11, either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/-.

Size of Waist..... Bust..... Hips..... Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount and 1/- extra for post.

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(Medium Strength)

Pure Virginia Tobacco.



For wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at home and for the Front at Duty Free Prices.

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Players
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10 for 3½^{d.}
50 for 1/5



ROSALIE

Our Grand Serial.
By MARK
ALLERTON

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ROSALIE GRIEVE, a pretty, vivacious girl with ideas and a will of her own.

REV. HUGH GRIEVE, Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man.

ALAN WYNNE, an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

ROSALIE GRIEVE is riding home in an omnibus. There is one young man in particular who watches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting.

His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie leans forward and asks him, ominously, "Do I know you?"

The young man tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve. And then Rosalie remembers—he is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris.

They talk over old times, and she arranges to dine with him and some artists in Soho.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of his church, feels a sudden unpathy. And then he remembers it is Alan Wynne who has been setting Northbury Park by the ears by his unconventionalities.

Wynne sees Rosalie home after the merry evening in Soho. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. He gets angrier—angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie. Finally, he tells her that she must not see Wynne again.

But one day Rosalie says that she is invited to a fancy dress ball to which Wynne is going. Her husband asks her not to go. But later Rosalie finds on his desk a letter to someone called "Lucy," and enclosing a cheque for £100. "Lucy" is really a young wastrel named Lucien, who has been bothering Hugh Grieve for money.

She is very angry, and when a ticket for the ball comes from Wynne she decides to accept. But she does not actually go, though her husband, unknown to her, goes secretly. Rosalie finds this out, and goes to Wynne's studio to have her portrait painted. Hugh Grieve discovers the visits and denounces her.

Her friends the Bettisons are going to Paris, and Rosalie has a wild longing to go with them. She goes to Wynne's studio again to see the finished portrait.

THE PORTRAIT.

AT the sight of Wynne Rosalie drew back. It was a symptom of her nervousness that she should remember the properties.

"You aren't alone, are you?" she asked.

"Is getting tea ready. I was passing the door when you rang, so I opened it. Aren't you coming in?"

He smiled very gravely. He too, might have confessed to a battle with conflicting emotions. He had spent the afternoon waiting for Rosalie's ring—feeling it, longing for it.

He opened the door of his sitting-room, and she passed in—A rousing fire was blazing. The table was set for tea. He pointed to his deep chair drawn up before the fire.

"Come and warm yourself," he said. "The sunshine is chilly yet. You shall see the portrait later."

She obeyed. Drawing off her gloves she stretched her small fragile hands, with their tapering fingers, to the blaze. Alan Wynne looked at them, and again saw only the ring.

"How cosy this is!" Then she looked up at him as he stood on the hearthrug beside her. The glance was direct, the tone even. "So you are going away just?" she cried.

"Yes—on Monday."

"Are you awfully excited?"

"Not awfully. I wish I were. When I was a boy going away used to make me sick with excitement for weeks beforehand. It was the most enviable pain in the world. But, you see, I'm not a boy now."

"You talk as if you were quite grown up!" She affected banter.

"A man begins to be old when he wishes he were younger," he said.

"Then every woman is old."

"I missed you at the Bettisons the other day," he said. "I called just after you had gone."

"Did they persuade you to go to Paris so soon?"

"Madge did."

"How did she prevail upon you?"

"She said it would be good for me."

Rosalie glanced at him quickly. "Did you keep your promise—about seeing a doctor, I mean?"

He nodded. "Mrs. McBain made me," he added.

"And what did he say?"

"Something wrong with my heart. It's only slight. Nothing to worry about."

The girl looked troubled.

"You'll take care of yourself!" she begged.

"Yes. The treatment is easy. When there's anything wrong with one's heart the best thing is to forget about it—if one can."

Both found safety in watching the flames. Mrs. McBain entered noisily with the tea tray. Rosalie thought that her greeting was charged with hostility.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Rosalie.

Wynne shrugged his shoulders. "That is her way of showing that she's sorry I'm going away," he said. "Also, she disapproves of my going. She thinks I am not able to look after myself. I dare say she is quite right. You're one lump, aren't you?"

"Yes. What are you going to do in Paris?"

"Work—very hard, I hope. Work and become famous—so famous that when my name is mentioned in Northbury Park people will say, 'That man once lived here. I wonder if he ever paid up what he owed.'"

"Aren't you coming back to Northbury Park, then?"

"I don't know. Aren't you going to eat anything?"

"No, thanks. I've just lunched. What about you?"

"So have I. Let's go and see the portrait."

The girl rose with relief. The conversation was becoming awkward. She understood his mood. It was so akin to her own that she was afraid.

He led the way to the studio. The easel had been moved to the centre of the floor. The canvas on it was covered with a dust sheet. He plucked it off.

"I hope you like it," he said, nervously.

Rosalie went forward. It was the first time she had been permitted to see the portrait.

She saw a girl seated, her hands on her lap. Her dress was black, low at the throat, showing a small rounded neck and throat of delicate whiteness. On the finger of one hand was a ring. The gold band was almost offensive. It seemed to leap from the canvas upon the eyes of those who looked.

Rosalie was reminded of Wynne's portrait of Mrs. McBain. There had struck her in that what was not so much physical likeness as a revelation of temperament and soul. She saw a girl with an expression of infinite longing. She saw herself in her mood of greatest unrest. Sadness, too, was in the eyes, and regret. It was a portrait to bring tears to the eyes of one who looked at it with understanding. It was a revelation of her agony of spirit of the last few weeks.

Rosalie's lips parted. She turned pale. "Why did you paint me like—like that?" she panted.

"Don't you like it?" His voice was hard.

"It's... wonderful. But so—so cruel."

"I know it does not do you justice," he said.

"You know what I mean. You know it is wonderful."

"Briggins had liked it."

"What are you going to call it?"

"Mrs. Hugh Grieve."

"No, no!"

"Because the wife of my husband must not look like—like tragedy."

"Is that the impression you get?"

"You know it is! Oh, why did you do it, Alan?"

"I don't know. I'll hack it up."

She sprang forward.

"No, no. It's wonderful. You wouldn't be so wicked as to destroy it!"

"If you think I ought to, I will."

"But I don't. Only—"

"Another name? Very well. I shall call it

'The Good Old Days.' Subtle, yet not too subtle. If I call it that maybe the grocers will buy it for their calendars, and I shall become famous... Would you rather I shirk the Academy with this, Rosalie?"

"No. I think it is the best thing you've done, Alan."

He put the canvas back on the easel. He threw the dust sheet over it.

"I tried to make it the best thing I've done," he said quietly. "Come, let's get back to the fire. It is cold here. You are shivering."

"No! I must get back, Alan."

"Not till you've sat by my fire, Rosalie. It's the... the last time, Rosalie."

They left the studio, and he locked the door after them. They returned to the sitting-room. Neither seemed to have anything to say.

"LET ME TAKE YOU AWAY."

"I SUPPOSE there's no chance of your getting over to Paris this summer?" he said at length, poking the fire.

"None at all. If we go away it will be to Scotland. Hugh is so fond of fishing."

"And you?"

"I have never tried."

"May I write to you from Paris?"

"I think not."

"Then you haven't... forgotten?"

She flushed. "Why do you remind me?"

"Because, before I go I want to be certain that you have also forgotten."

"You may be certain, Alan."

"Thank you." He tried to smile. The smile was a travesty, a grimace rather.

"A moment ago," she was speaking calmly enough, "you said that this is the—last time, Alan. Aren't you coming back?"

"I don't think so. You see," he explained evenly, "Madge Fairfield has been descending to me on the manifold advantages of Paris. There I can live cheaply. There I may have more incentive to work—with workers all around me, I mean."

Rosalie did not reply. She lifted her furs from the chair beside her. The gesture was significant of her departure. Alan Wynne's pallor increased. His lips moved.

"Of course you know why I'm going away," he said harshly.

There was a momentary pause.

"It's because I don't stay here any longer," he added. "If I stay here I shall keep on seeing you, and I don't want."

The girl rose, putting her furs about her.

"Yes, you are right to go," she said, slowly.

"But I shall miss you, too."

He looked at her with haggard eyes.

"How is it going to end? For you, I mean. How is it going to end?" he cried, hoarsely.

She shook her head. "I don't know."

He sprang to his feet and began pacing the room, agitated.

"It's intolerable—intolerable!" he panted.

"How can I go away and leave you like—like this? This life is killing you, Rosalie. Here everything is combining to beat the very soul out of you. Can't I see the difference in you?"

How is it going to end? I'll tell you. If you don't take your life into your own keeping you will soon have no life to keep. This infernal suburb will claim you, body and soul. It will take everything you've got, and give nothing in return."

"But what can I do?" she wailed.

"There's only one thing you can do. You must give it all up. You say you've lost Hugh. Why keep on living his life, then? It's not fair—not fair to him, not fair to you. Give it all up! Scandal! What does scandal matter when you are fighting for your life? And you are, you know. People will talk for a week, and then forget you. That's a small price to pay for happiness."

"Alan, Alan, you don't know what you are saying!"

"I do—I do! I'm begging you to clear yourself out of it all. Let me take you back to the Bettisons."

"To Paris!"

"Yes, to Paris. Let me take you there, and you need never see me again. I shall go to what end of the earth you may send me. I shall not offend again. I swear I'll be your true and honourable friend. But let me take you away. And you will, Rosalie!" He caught her arm.

"Think of it, Rosalie! Back in the old life you know, with friends round you who love you and would make you happy. Leave me out of it. I don't count—but the others do. What a welcome for you, Rosalie! There's work for you in Paris, too. There's bound to be, with Frank and Michel and the rest to help you on. It won't be like the old days."

He felt her trembling violently. He knew that her resolve was weakening.

Rosalie—I beg you, clear out of it all! Even for a time. Who knows, going away may bring Hugh back to you? But if it doesn't, you lose no more than you have lost, Rosalie. Can't you hear Paris calling you? Rosalie, if you do not come away, I swear that here I shall stay also. I shall stay here because I cannot go away to wonder all the time what is happening to you. Rosalie, there's the happiness of the old life waiting for you over there. Won't you claim it?"

He felt her body stiffen in his grasp. She threw back her head. She was deadly pale.

Her lips parted.

"Yes," she whispered.

There will be another fine instalment on Monday.

To-day is Lady Day.

BUY A FLAG

and thus help to build the

'STAR & GARTER' HOME

FOR OUR INCURABLE SOLDIERS.

KEEP THE FLAG AS A MEMENTO OF WHAT YOU
DID TO HELP IN THIS WONDERFUL WORK.

THE site of this famous hotel at Richmond Hill has been presented by the Auctioneers and Estate Agents' Institute to Her Majesty the Queen, who has graciously conveyed the gift to the British Red Cross Society as a site for a permanent home for men rendered helpless by their services to their country in the present war. A sum of £50,000 is needed to raze part of the present building and to erect one worthy of these gallant men. The building fund will be administered on thoroughly sound and economical lines. Do not hesitate to give. The millionaire's cheque and the widow's mite will help alike to further this splendid work. A certificate will be sent you which you will treasure in after years as a memento of the fact that you, a British woman, helped to pay back, in however small a measure, some part of our indebtedness to those who, in the fight for right, have given their all.

If you, who read this announcement, live away from London please send a little money to THE LADY COWDRAY, Treasurer, 16, Carlton House Terrace, London, S.W.

THE BRITISH WOMEN'S HOSPITAL

HEADQUARTERS: 21, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

The 'STAR & GARTER' BUILDING FUND

PATRONS:

H.M. THE QUEEN

H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA



German prisoners at work at a railway station. Though treated with every kindness, they are made to earn their daily bread.

Exclusive Message from Australia's Premier: See the "Sunday Pictorial"

THE Hardest Lot of All:
By Horatio Bottomley,
in the "Sunday Pictorial."

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

WHAT Britain Could Do:
By Sidney Low, in the
"Sunday Pictorial." : : :

HOW THE HUNS SILENCE THE PRATTLE OF CHILDREN'S VOICES.



A group of little mourners pay honour to their dead playmates.



This little boy follows the flower-covered coffins as they are borne to the graveside.



Wounded soldiers from the Canadian Hospital in attendance.

The latest victims of the Huns' raid have been laid to rest at Ramsgate. These "enemies of Germany"—mostly children—have paid the full penalty for their "crime." But their countrymen will not forget them, and the only effect of this characteristic

act of Prussian "frightfulness" has been to deepen the determination of every Englishman to go on with the war until the liberties of Europe have been finally and for ever secured.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

A LENTEN MILITARY WEDDING



Captain A. L. de C. Stretton was married to Miss Mary Shaw at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride and bridegroom leaving the church.

A STAGE PRINCESS.



Miss Annie Saker, the leading lady in "The Silver Crucifix," who has been a princess in eight plays.

THE VICTOR OF A HARD-WON FIGHT.



Mr. Percy Harris, the newly-elected M.P. for Market Harborough, shakes hands with the high sheriff for the county after the declaration of the poll.